

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

MILITARY

JANUARY
No. 25

COMICS

10¢



SIDE BY SIDE,
BLACKHAWK
AND
WANG THE TIGER
in a stirring TALE of
Adventure, Treachery
... and **WAR!**

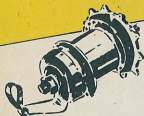
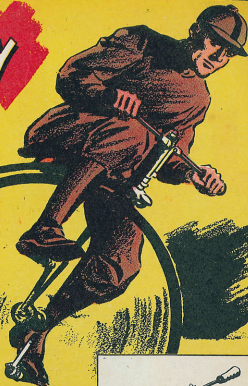


WEB COMIC
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BIKE-OLGY

NEW WORLD'S RECORD—

JOHN S. PRICE, RIDING A ROYAL MAIL, SET A NEW WORLD'S RECORD FOR BICYCLES IN 1884. HE COVERED ONE MILE IN THE THEN UNBELIEVABLE TIME OF 2 MINUTES AND 39 SECONDS. TODAY'S RECORD FOR THE DISTANCE IS 33 SECONDS.



THE MORROW COASTER BRAKE—
HAS BEEN KNOWN FOR ITS EASY PEDALING, FREE COASTING AND SMOOTH BRAKING SINCE THE EARLIEST DAYS OF BICYCLING. TODAY AS AN IMPORTANT MEMBER OF **THE INVISIBLE CREW**, IT IS SERVING A VITAL PURPOSE ON MANY BATTLEFRONTS, AS WELL AS THE HOMEFRONT.

THE INVISIBLE CREW
Bendix
Aviation Corporation

**ECLIPSE MACHINE
DIVISION**



STOPPING BY HAND—

TIMBERLAKE'S RATCHET BRAKE A FAR CRY FROM TODAY'S PRECISION-BUILT **MORROW COASTER BRAKE**, WAS OPERATED BY HAND A RATCHET ARRANGEMENT ON THE FRONT WHEEL PERMITTED GRADUAL STOPPING.



IVORY HANDLES

HANDLES OF IVORY THOUGH VERY EXPENSIVE, WERE IN RATHER COMMON USE AT ONE TIME UNLIKE WOODEN ONES, THEY DIDN'T BLISTER THE HANDS.

* TRADE MARK OF THE BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

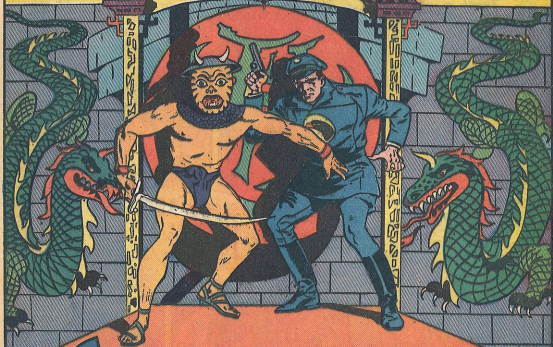
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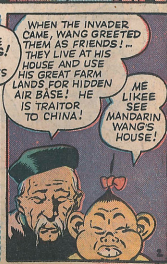
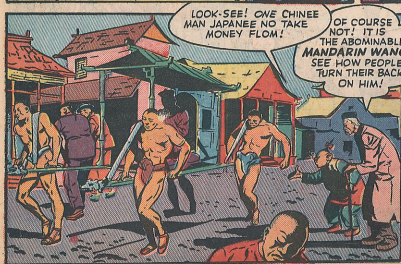
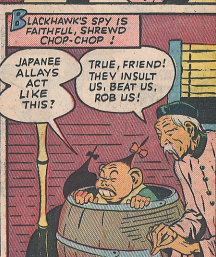
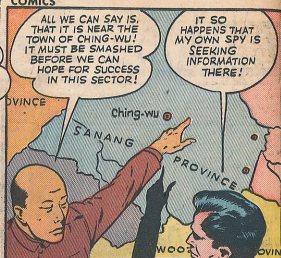
ARMY

STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION ON LAND
Section 1.

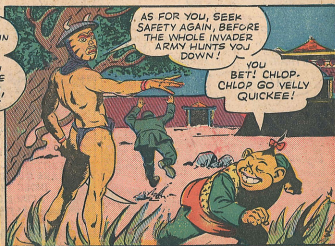
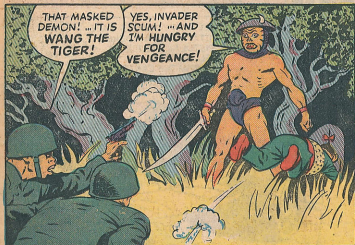
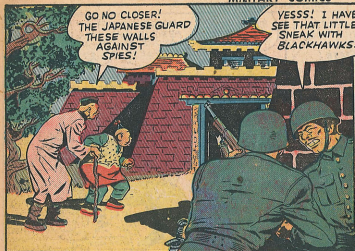
BLACKHAWK



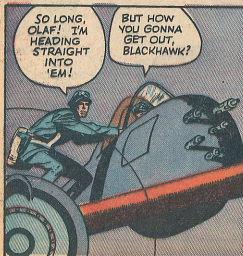
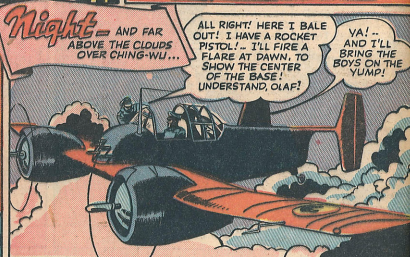
CHINA... ANCIENT LAND OF MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE, AS OLD AS TIME ITSELF! ITS PEOPLES HAVE BEEN ATTACKED AGAIN AND AGAIN, BUT ALWAYS A BRAVE MAN WOULD RISE UP AND LEAD HIS COUNTRYMEN AGAINST THE BARBARIC HORDES WHO SOUGHT TO INVADE CHINA'S GOOD EARTH! SUCH A MAN IS **WANG THE TIGER!** WITH THE AID OF **BLACKHAWK**, WANG TEACHES THE JAPANESE THE ARTS OF INTRIGUE, TREACHERY... AND WAR!!



MILITARY COMICS



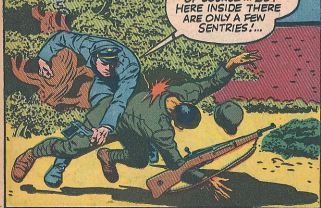
MILITARY COMICS



BBLACKHAWK DESCENDS INTO MANDARIN WANG'S ESTATE....

THE WALLS ARE HEAVILY GUARDED, OF COURSE ... BUT HERE INSIDE THERE ARE ONLY A FEW SENTRIES!...

CLEVER CAMOUFLAGE! FROM ABOVE, THIS LOOKS LIKE A FIELD OF LITTLE HAYSTACKS! BUT OVER THERE, I THINK, IS AN OPEN SPACE - A LANDING FIELD!



IT ISN'T AN OPEN SPACE AT ALL!! TO A PLANE, THAT CANVAS ROOF LOOKS OPEN ... BUT IT HIDES BRIGADES OF TANKS!

HERE'S THE BEST PLACE ... A ROAD, LEVEL AND WIDE! PLANES CAN LAND HERE! I'LL SEND UP MY ROCKET FROM THIS POINT, AT DAWN!



BUT FATE DECREES THAT THE OFFICER-OF-THE-DAY MAKES AN INSPECTION TOUR, AND...

YOU HURT! HOW?

NO KNOW, SIR! WAS STRUCK FROM BEHIND!

THERE IS MAKER OF TRACKS WE FOUND! ... AND HIM IN STRANGE UNIFORM!

兜兜兜





鬼*阴*!
THRUST DEVIL
TO HEART!

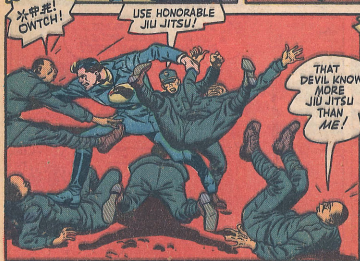
THERE MUST
BE SOME MISTAKE!...
I DISTINCTLY
REMEMBER
PUTTING THAT
SENTRY TO SLEEP!



THREEETT!

MAYBE A
SECOND DOSE
WILL WORK
BETTER!

鬼*阴*!
HE IS SPY!
QUICK!
GET HIM!



冰*特*!
ONWCH!

USE HONORABLE
JIU JITSU!

THAT
DEVIL KNOW
MORE
JIU JITSU
THAN
ME!



BLACKHAWK
IS FINALLY
SUBBUED!

QUICK!
CARRY HE
TO MAIN
HOUSE!



WE CATCH
FOREIGN SPY,
MANDARIN
WANG!

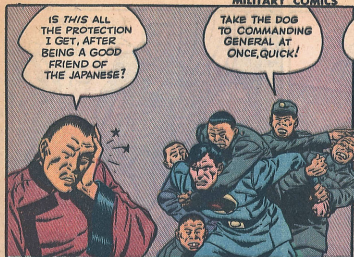
SO HE'S
MANDARIN
WANG,
HUH?

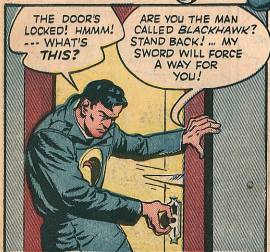


BLACKHAWK ESCAPES HIS CAPTORS
FOR A MOMENT... AND ---

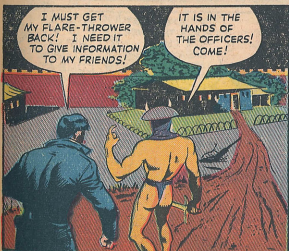
鬼*阴*!
ONWCH!

THERE'S A
LITTLE PAYMENT
ON ACCOUNT,
YOU CRAWLING
TRAITOR!





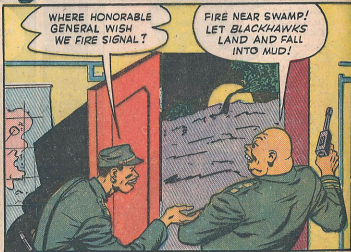
MILITARY COMICS



MILITARY COMICS



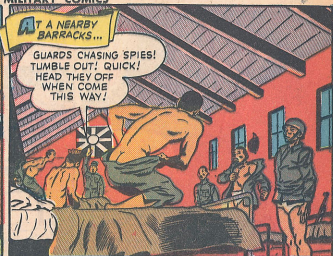
THEIR GUESS IS CORRECT! WE MUST FIGHT WISELY AND HARD TO WIN!



MILITARY COMICS



CRY CAME FROM OVER THERE! FORM AND CHARGE!

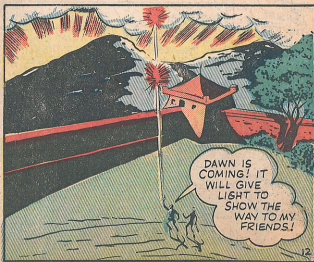
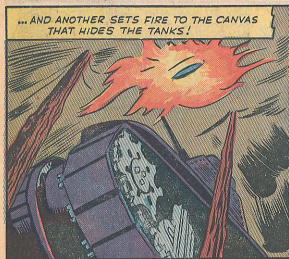
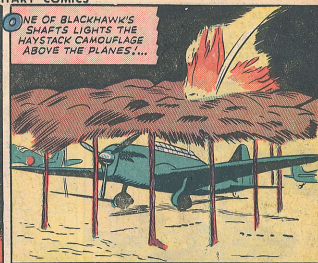


YOU'RE WRONG! THIS BOW AND ARROW—JUST WHAT I WANT! OUT OF THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HOUSE! QUICK!



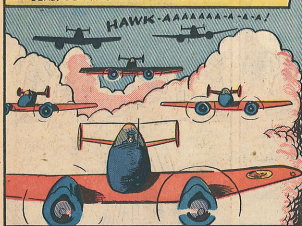
THIS IS AN OLD ONE OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS! WATCH!

MILITARY COMICS

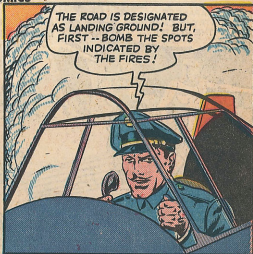


MILITARY COMICS

DOWN SWOOPS THE SQUADRON THAT SO OFTEN
DEALT DEATH AND DISMAY TO TYRANTS!



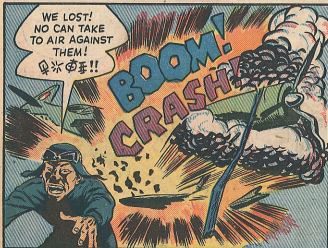
THE ROAD IS DESIGNATED
AS LANDING GROUND! BUT,
FIRST -- BOMB THE SPOTS
INDICATED BY
THE FIRES!



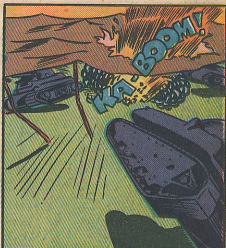
WE LOST!
NO CAN TAKE
TO AIR AGAINST
THEM!

臭*Φ*!!

BOOM!
CRASH!

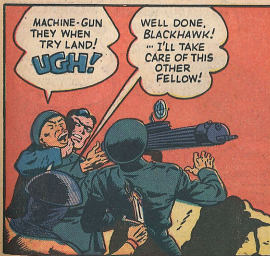


BOOM!



MACHINE-GUN
THEY WHEN
TRY LAND!
UGH!

WELL DONE,
BLACKHAWK!
... I'LL TAKE
CARE OF THIS
OTHER
FELLOW!



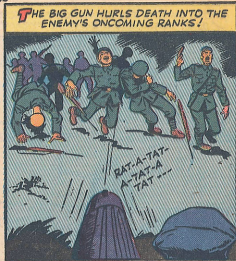
WE
GETTEE
HERE ON
TIME,
HAH?

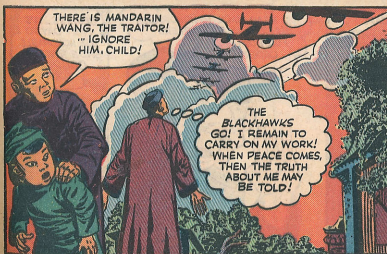
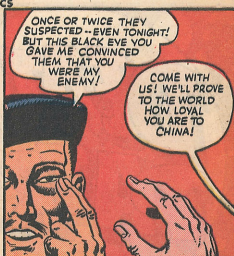
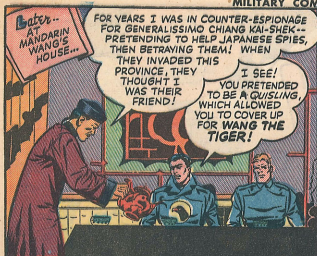
AY HOPE
YOU BAN LEAVE
LITTLE BIT
OF FUN
FOR US!

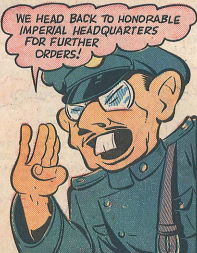
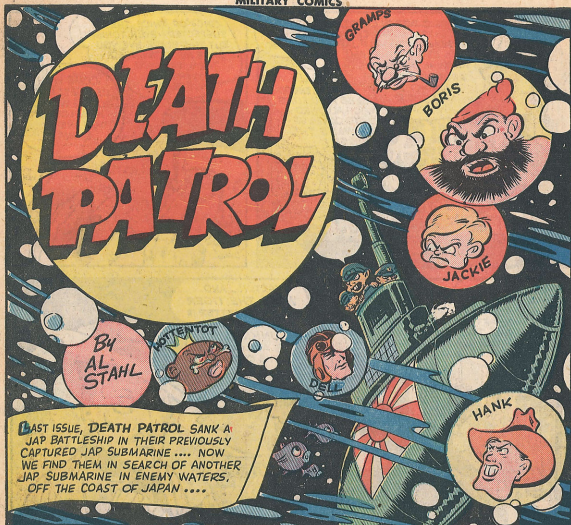
THERE'S
STILL
PLENTY
TO BE
DONE!



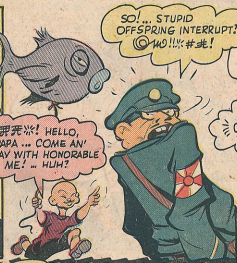
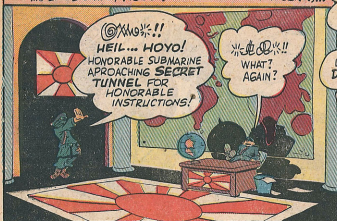
MILITARY COMICS





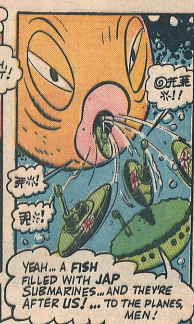
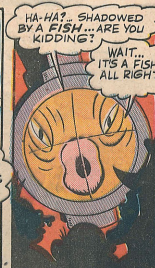
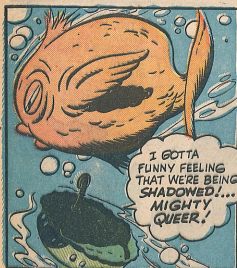
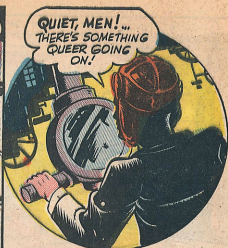
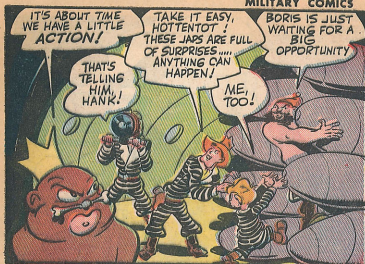


A SHORT WHILE LATER... IN THE OFFICE OF HIS IMPERIAL SNIPS, HOYO (THAT'S JAPANESE FOR JERK)...

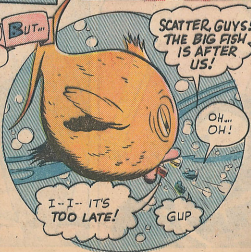
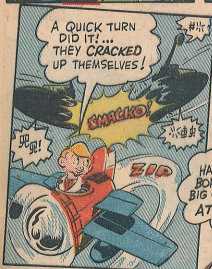
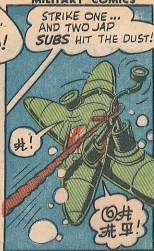


MEANWHILE...
DEATH PATROL
CRUISES IN JAP
WATERS...





MILITARY COMICS

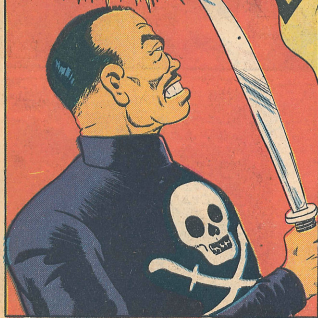


THE SNIPER

by
VERNON
HENKEL

HIS ROYAL MAGNIFICENCE, THE PREMIER OF JAPAN, PAID A VISIT TO THE OCCUPIED CITY OF MANILA ... AND THE SPECIAL JOB OF DEFENDING HIM AGAINST POSSIBLE ATTACK FELL TO THE CRAFTY **SURATAI**, CHIEF ASSASSIN OF THE **BLACK DRAGONS**, WHOSE SWORN ENEMY IS **THE SNIPER**!

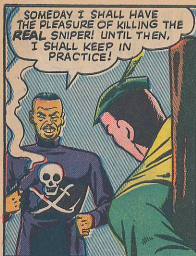
ONCE AGAIN, THESE TWO MOST IMPLACABLE FOES MEET IN TERRIBLE COMBAT, WITH THE LIFE OF A PREMIER AS THE PRIZE ... AND DEATH THE REWARD OF THE LOSER!



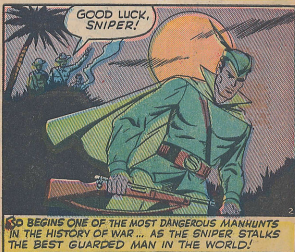
THERE IS THE SHARP, DEADLY CRACK OF A PISTOL ... AND A LONE FIGURE SLUMPS LIFELESSLY...



MILITARY COMICS



YOU SEE, CAPTAIN, THAT SURATAI IS NOT A MAN WHO FORGIVES HIS ENEMIES! HAS EVERYTHING BEEN PREPARED TO RECEIVE THE PREMIER?



MILITARY COMICS

MEANWHILE...

THE PREMIER WILL
ARRIVE WITHIN THE
HOUR! I'LL MAKE
SURE ALL THE GUARDS
ARE AT THEIR
POSTS!

SO! MY OWN DAUGHTER
CONSORTS WITH A
COMMON SOLDIER
BEHIND MY
BACK!

PRIVATE HIROTA!
RETURN TO YOUR
POST! YOU HAVE
NOT HEARD THE
END OF
THIS!



I WARN
YOU NOT
TO SEE THIS
MAN! HE IS
NOT OF YOUR
CASTE!

I LOVE
HIM! WE'RE
GOING TO BE
MARRIED!

ENOUGH!
GO TO YOUR
ROOM! ... I
SHALL DEAL
WITH YOU
LATER!

YOU SHALL NOT
KEEP ME FROM
SEEING HIROTA,
FATHER! ... I
AM NOT AFRAID
OF YOUR
THREATS!

SO THAT IS HOW THE
WIND BLOWS! MY OWN
DAUGHTER, OKU-SAMA,
WOULD DISGRACE MY
NAME BY MARRYING A
PEASANT! BUT THEY
RECKON WITHOUT THE
WRATH OF SURATAI!



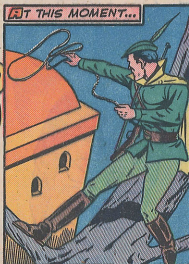
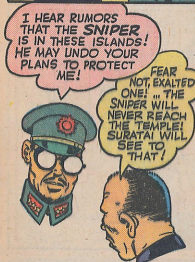
OUTSIDE, THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS HERALDS THE ARRIVAL OF HIS ROYAL MAGNIFICENCE, THE PREMIER OF JAPAN ...

MY EYES ARE
DAZZLED BY YOUR
SPLENDOR! YOU DO
THIS UNWORTHY PLACE
HONOR BY YOUR
PRESENCE!

IS EVERYTHING ARRANGED
FOR MY ADDRESS TO THE
SOLDIERS OF THE
EMPIRE?

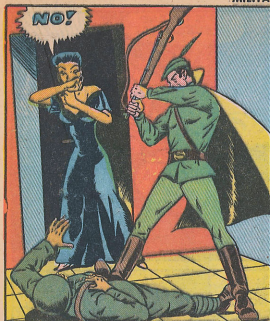


MILITARY COMICS



MILITARY COMICS





DO NOT
KILL HIM!
HAVE
MERCY!



CAN YOU
SHOW ME
WHERE TO
FIND THE
PREMIER?

YOU BETRAY YOUR
COUNTRY, MY DAUGHTER!
YOU MUST DIE!!



I DON'T LIKE
TO KILL! BUT
THIS IS WAR!...
AND I MUST BE
AS MERCILESS
AS MY ENEMIES!

YOU CAME HERE
FOR A PURPOSE!
SPARE HIM AND
I WILL HELP
YOU!



YES!
FOLLOW
ME!



SURATAI!



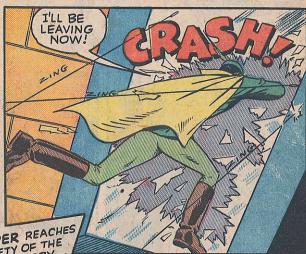
YOU ARE NEXT
TO DIE, SNIPER!



YOU FILTHY
ASSASSIN!

OHHH!

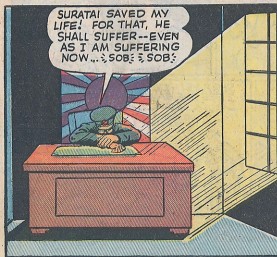
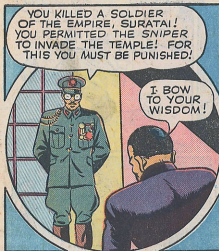
BANG!



THE SNIPER REACHES THE SAFETY OF THE WOODS NEARBY...



MILITARY COMICS



JOHNNY DOUGHBOY

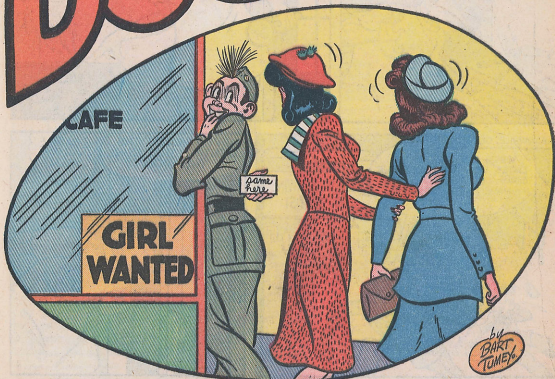


PRIVATE

MILITARY COMICS

DOGTAG

The World's Dumbest Soldier!



by
BART
TUMEY

YOU SAY YOU'VE
MET A BEAUTIFUL
DOLL WHOSE GIRL
FRIEND IS ALSO
A KNOCKOUT?

RIGHT! BUT MY GIRL WON'T
GO OUT THIS AFTERNOON,
UNLESS I GET A DATE, FOR
HER CHUM! YOU AND I
BOTH HAVE A DAY'S LEAVE...
BE A SPORT AND COME
ALONG, SERGEANT
ROARIGAN!

BUT THAT AFTERNOON...

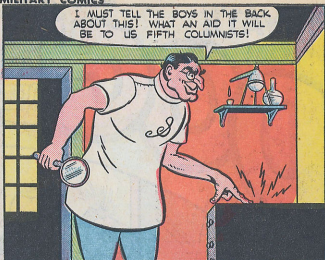
GOSH, SARGE, I'M
AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO
CANCEL OUR DATES!
THIS TOOTHACHE
IS KILLING ME!

WHAT? DITCH A COUPLE
OF CUTIES LIKE YOU
DESCRIBED? NO SIRREE!
WE'LL FIND A DENTIST
TO FIX YOUR
TOOTH!

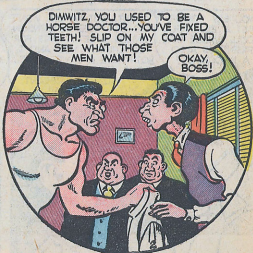
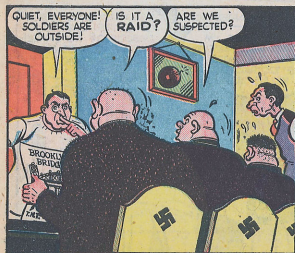
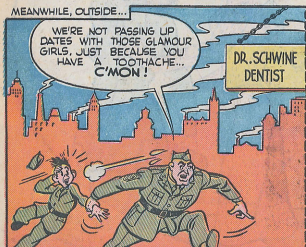


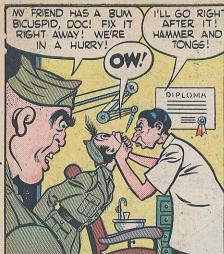
MILITARY COMICS

IN A NEARBY DENTIST'S OFFICE A "FRONT" FOR FIFTH COLUMNISTS, WE FIND DR. SCHWINE, AXIS AGENT AND MECHANICAL GENIUS, ADMIRING HIS LATEST INVENTION...

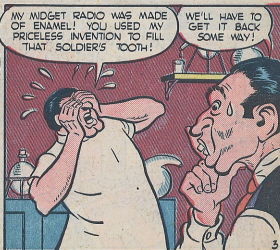
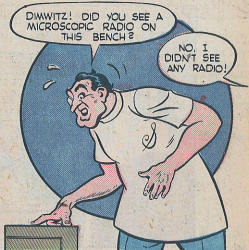
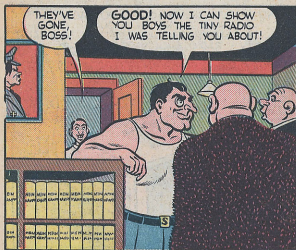


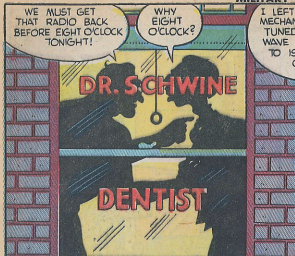
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...



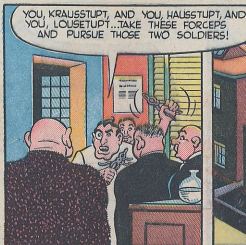


FIVE PAINFUL MINUTES PASS... THEN...





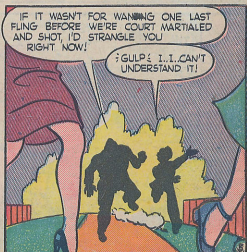
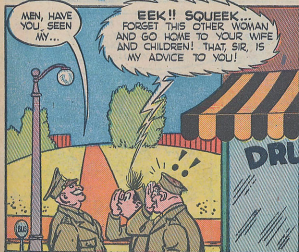
DOCTOR SCHWINE CALLS HIS HENCHMEN AND EXPLAINS WHAT HAS HAPPENED.



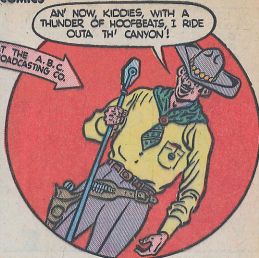
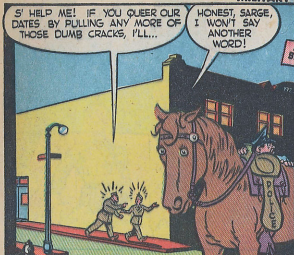
MEANWHILE...

MILITARY COMICS

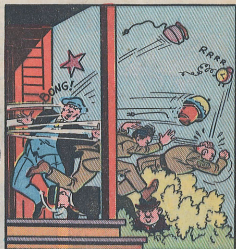
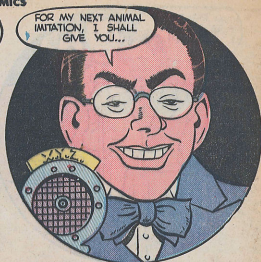
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MILITARY COMICS



MILITARY COMICS



LATER, NEAR CAMP...



MILITARY COMICS



ALL RIGHT, YOU
RATS, STICK
'EM UP!

STICK 'EM UP,
RATS! YOU'RE
SURROUNDED!

HERE'S THE
COPS AND
G-MEN!

WE ARE?

DON'T
SHOOT!

A
POLICE
SIREN!

I
HEAR IT
TOO!



WE
SURRENDER!

MARCH!

IN CAMP... CONGRATULATIONS ON
CAPTURING THOSE WELL KNOWN
SABOTEURS, DOGTAG! YOU MAY
HAVE THE EVENING OFF AND
HERE'S A TEN SPOT TO
KEEP YOU COMPANY!



THAT NIGHT...

DON'T WORRY,
SARGE, I WON'T
CAUSE ANY MORE
TROUBLE!

I BELIEVE
YOU, LIKE I
WOULD
HITLER!



IN A GERMAN SHORTWAVE
BROADCASTING STATION...



DER FUEHRER
VILL NOW
SCHPEAK!

CHEERS
FOR DER
FUEHRER.
OR ELSE!



HEIL HITLER! HEIL,
HEIL, O, SIG HEIL!
HEIL HITLER!
HEIL HITLER!



NAZIS!

TRAITORS!

SNAKES!

DER FUEHRER
VILL NOW
SCHPEAK!

MILITARY COMICS



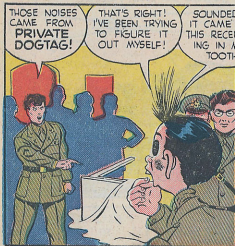
AND NOW, LOYAL CHENERALS ON ALL FRONTS! TOMORROW IS DER BIG DAY! AT TEN SHARP, YOU WILL ADVANCE AS VUN MAN AND DER VAR 155 OFFER!

THAT'S **HITLER'S** VOICE! I KNOW IT WELL! TOO WELL!

I'M FROM THE INTELLIGENCE! WE KNEW HE WAS ABOUT TO GIVE IMPORTANT ORDERS OVER A NEW SECRET WAVE LENGTH...

BY MEANS OF A NEW MINIATURE RADIO WE'VE HAD A TIP ON!

IT'S STUPENDOUS! BUT WHERE IS IT COMING FROM? WHO HAS THE RADIO?



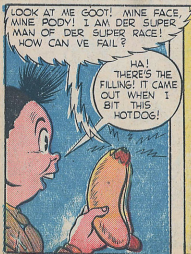
THOSE NOISES CAME FROM **PRIVATE DOGTAG!**

THAT'S RIGHT! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIGURE IT OUT MYSELF!

SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM THIS RECENT FILLING IN MY TOOTH!

WHAT FILLING? THERE'S NOTHING BUT A HOLE THERE!

LOOK AT ME! LOOK AT ME GOOT UND GET NEW INSPIRATION!



LOOK AT ME GOOT! MINE FACE, MINE PODY! I AM DER SUPER MAN OF DER SUPER RACE! HOW CAN VE FAIL?

HA! THERE'S THE FILLING! IT CAME OUT WHEN I BIT THIS HOTDOG!

LATER, AFTER DOGTAG HAS LED G-MEN TO THE "DENTISTS" OFFICE...



CONGRATULATIONS, PRIVATE DOGTAG! YOU'VE BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR ROUNDING UP A DANGEROUS GROUP OF FIFTH COLUMNISTS...

...AND THE FRUSTRATION OF A MAJOR MILITARY MOVE BY OUR ENEMIES' FORCES!

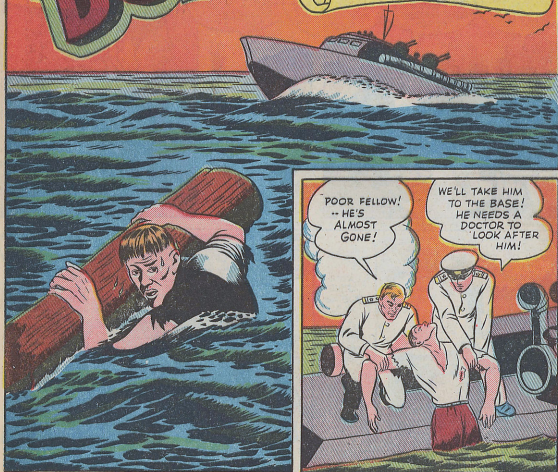
IS EVERYBODY HAPPY?

ARE YOU ON EDGE? NERVES JUMPY? DON'T TAKE DANGEROUS DRUGS--TAKE PRIVATE DOGTAG THE HARMLESS DOPE--EACH MONTH IN **MILITARY COMICS**!

NAVY

STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION AT SEA
*Section 2.*PT
BOAT

WHAT terrible peril did he bring -- this sea-tossed derelict? A cruising PT Boat rescued him, miserable and half-drowned, grateful for being saved ... but nobody suspected that DEATH clung to him like an aura, and disaster spoke in the sound of his voice!



POOR FELLOW!
-- HE'S
ALMOST
GONE!

WE'LL TAKE HIM
TO THE BASE!
HE NEEDS A
DOCTOR TO
LOOK AFTER
HIM!

THE PT BOAT RETURNS TO ITS BASE

NO SHIP WAS SUNK IN THE AREA: ... I WONDER HOW HE GOT THERE!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT! THE IMPORTANT THING NOW IS TO GET HIM TO THE DOCTOR!

Later...
WILL HE BE OKAY, DOC?

HE'S NOT AS SICK AS HE LOOKS! --JUST SUFFERING FROM EXPOSURE! YOU CAN TALK TO HIM NOW!

WHO ARE YOU?

THIS IS ENSIGN PAUL HARVEY! I'M PERRY TOBIAS! WE'RE THE GUYS WHO FOUND YOU!

DON'T YOU FEAR!... THEY'LL GET HELP! I'LL TALK TO THE COMMANDER RIGHT AWAY!

I MUST SEE YOUR COMMANDER! I'VE COME A LONG WAY TO GET HELP!... THE GARRISON AT DOOWHALA NEEDS FOOD AND AMMUNITION!

DOOWHALA?... WE GAVE UP THAT ISLAND FOR LOST WHEN THE JAPS INVADED!

THE AMERICANS STILL HOLD THE FORT! THEY MUST HAVE HELP AT ONCE! THE JAPS ARE ATTACKING NIGHT AND DAY!

THE PT BOATS CAN HANDLE THIS AND I WANT TO GET STARTED!

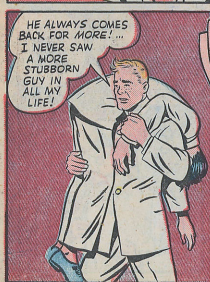
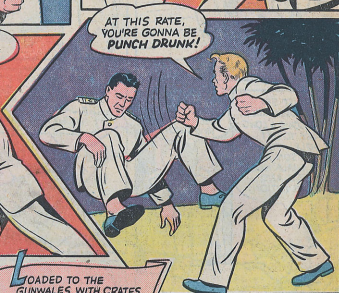
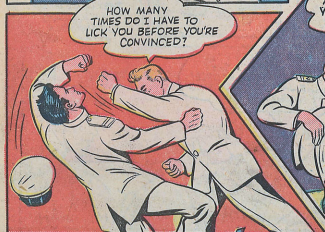
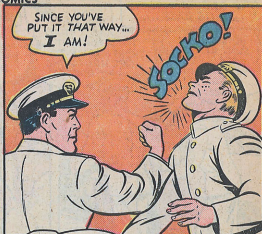
THE COMMANDER KNOWS HIS BUSINESS, PERRY!

HUH! PERRY TOBIAS ISN'T WAITING FOR OFFICIAL PERMISSION TO SAVE THE LIVES OF THOSE MEN! NOT ON YOUR TINTYPE!

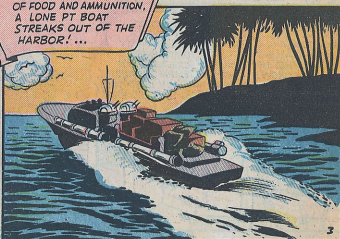
STEADY, PERRY!... THINK IT OVER!

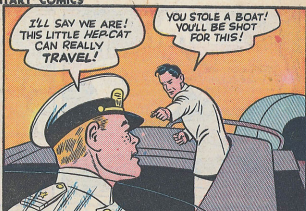
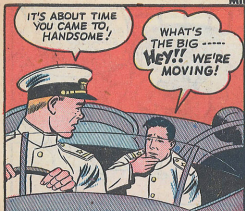
SIR -- THOSE MEN ON DOOWHALA ARE FIGHTING AND DYING WHILE WE'RE STALLING AROUND HERE! THEY NEED HELP RIGHT NOW!

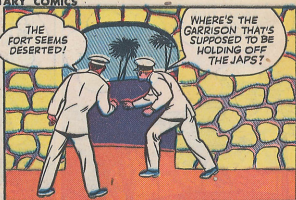
WE WON'T ATTEMPT A RELIEF PARTY UNTIL WE'RE SURE THAT MAN IS TELLING THE TRUTH! WE'LL HOLD HIM IN CUSTODY UNTIL WE'VE CHECKED HIS STORY! THERE ARE SOME THINGS I DON'T LIKE ABOUT THIS!

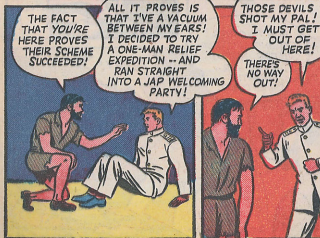
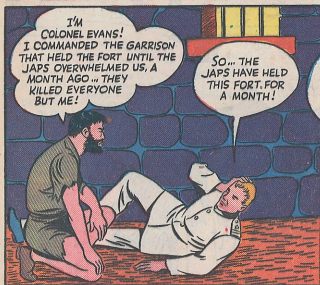


LOADED TO THE GUNWALS WITH CRATES OF FOOD AND AMMUNITION, A LONE PT BOAT STREAKS OUT OF THE HARBOR! ...

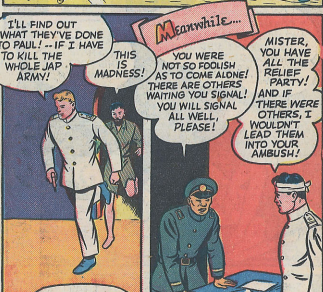
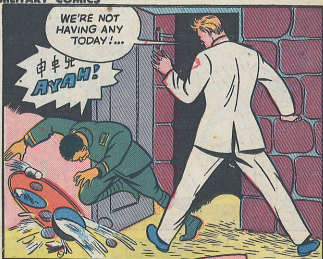




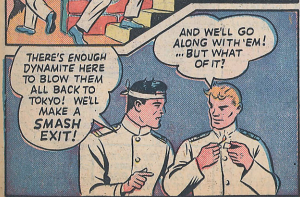
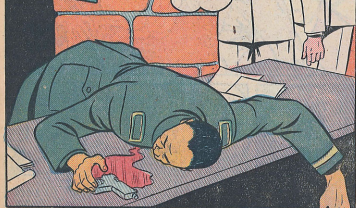




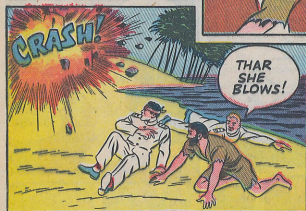
MILITARY COMICS



MILITARY COMICS



MILITARY COMICS



DEATH RIDES A RAY

"TAINT a fit night for man nor beast," bruskiy observed old Hoskins, night hangar man at the Boston Airport. "That young scamp orter be stopped frum takin' a ship up."

Hoskins had something there, all right. It was a wild, howling night with an off-ocean storm that had lashed the coast for five hours. The wind rattled around Hangar 2, shaking things as if in the grip of some mighty fist. No plane could find its way in such a night.

"That's what you guys think!" chortled Jimmy Haynes, young test pilot for a large aircraft company. "Of course," he went on as the twin motors on the big ship thundered into life for the warm-up, "I wouldn't be nuts enough to try flying in such weather unless—" He hesitated. "Unless I *knew* everything was gonna be all right." His hesitation was occasioned by the sharp glance cast his way by a high ranking army official who was supervising this dangerous night test.

Everything was all secrecy concerning the forthcoming flight. Army guards had been stationed around Hangar 2, and inside around a certain twin-engined plane, for several days prior to the proposed flight. Inside the cabin of the ship there was a new, mysterious device. Years of experimentation by two nations had gone into this amazing instrument. Now it was ready for the initial test.

The great day had come—rather, the night!

The attendant trundled the gleaming plane out of the hangar. Lightning flared bluish over the shiny aluminum body and hissed across the pitch-black skies.

Old Hoskins grumbled and scratched his stubble-covered chin.

"I don't like it, I don't," he muttered. "Seems like a decent youngster, too." Hoskins felt, and rightly, that Jimmy Haynes was flying to his doom.

Haynes cracked the throttle. The 1500-horsepower engines blasted, and the ship leaped down the runway. Almost instantly it was invisible in the lashing storm. Those standing tense in the hangar doorway heard the giant ship lift and hurtle into the black night. Beads of perspiration broke out on the Army official's forehead. What he wouldn't give to know that this test would be successful!

"It can't fail. It can't!" he said to himself.

The plane roared low overhead. Too low, it seemed to those listening.

The operator in the control tower had Haynes constantly on the radio. "How does she look up there, Jimmy?"

"What?" asked Jimmy. "Say, I can't see anything out there. It's blacker than the inside of an old hat!"

"Better not get too low," advised the operator. "Where are you right now?"

"Six hundred," said Jimmy.

The operator again: "Well, circle two or three times more and come in, Jimmy. And good landing!"

The plane roared in a wide circle about the field. After a few more circuits, Jimmy said into his transmitter, "Okay. Hold your hats, boys, I'm coming in!"

The operator had Jimmy's conversation on the public speaker system so that everybody on the field could hear. The army man shuddered as he heard Jimmy's words and then the big ship was coming down through the storm. Where would it land? Maybe crash into the hangar!

Everyone stood, transfixed, while the engines rumbled, then softened to gliding speed. Silence at last. Then dimly through the murk they could see the ship's searchlight. Jimmy was heading the plane toward the hangar. His voice came over the "pipe": "Everything's okay. She worked like a charm. Just kept her riding down on the three luminous dots!"

Then Jimmy was tumbling out of the ship. The army man shook hands.

"Boy," he said, "I never lived through such a few minutes!"

"She worked terrific," Jimmy told him. "You really have something there, Major Corey. That's the greatest invention ever given to aircraft."

Major Corey had a far-away look in his eyes as the two stood

MILITARY COMICS

Who invented Radar?

in the shelter of the hangar doorway. "My boy," he stated at last, "if that device is half as good—just *half*, mind you!—as we believe it is, we'll be the greatest military power on earth!"

That was the first test made with Radar, war's newest and most lethal ray. Radar, the "beam of death."

Have you heard of it? It has been a closely guarded secret of the Army Signal Corps, Navy and civilian scientists. Now, however, the lid has been partially lifted because we know that the Axis is using a version of Radar.

What is Radar?

It is an invisible ray (ultra-high frequency) that knifes through darkness, fog, storm, smoke and snowfall at a rate of speed approaching 185,000 miles a second—the speed of light!

Sound travels at the comparatively slow rate of .2 miles a second. Radar travels approximately 930,000 times as fast!

Purpose of the Radar ray:

The ray stabs out across space and if it strikes an enemy plane or warship fifty, 100 or 500 miles away, the ray bounces back to its source. Electronic devices measure the time interval in split-thousandths of a second. This shows exactly how far away the enemy object is. But the device also shows *how fast* the object is moving, and in what direction (or elevation, if it is a plane).

Gunners, with these data at hand, need only to fire their weapons. They know just *where* the enemy object will be from the time the shell leaves the gun until it strikes the target.

That is a question that will not be settled until victory is achieved. Generally speaking, the original idea is credited to a Scotch physicist named Sir Robert A. Watson-Watt. However, back in 1887, in Karlsruhe, Germany, Heinrich Hertz was experimenting with ultra-high frequency waves. The British did considerable of the foundation research on Radar.

Radar saved England from invasion when Nazi bombers ripped across the skies in the summer of 1940. Radar could have saved Pearl Harbor. . . .

Long before the Jap zeros struck their foul blow, on the morning of December 7, 1943, American Army officials had received operational instructions from the British. They had actually installed radar equipment in Hawaii.

An hour before the Nips began their air raid on Diamond Head, a young Signal Corps private named Joseph Lockard was ranging a radar device. He was not on active duty. Nobody was. He was merely getting in a little experience with the new, mysterious gadget. Suddenly he caught the unmistakable sound of a "large flight of unidentified planes slightly north and east of Oahu."

Lockard was amazed. He thought he must be hearing things. He experimented with the indicators, thinking there might be something wrong with the device. But the sound remained, growing nearer. He rushed to his commanding officer and reported the astonishing incident. The C. O. laughingly shrugged it off, laying the whole thing to a case of jitters

on the part of a novice operator.

Fifty minutes later Pearl Harbor was a flaming shambles. Two thousand people had met their death. Several battleships had gone to the bottom of the harbor. Many aircraft had been blasted to bits on the field.

Radar had performed its job. Man had erred.

Why was Radar developed?

For years, aviation authorities and technicians had tried to invent a "true" altimeter that would show pilots just how far above the terrain they were and how far away from fog-bound mountain peaks. Of course, they had an altimeter, but it was an unreliable pressure gadget that played many tragic tricks. It showed the pilot how high he was above *sea level*, not how high he was above the highest point on the terrain below. He had to know exactly the topography of the region over which he was flying in order to calculate how high he was above the highest point immediately below. An impossible task.

Radar supplies a "true" altimeter. But it doing many other amazing things. Aboard every war ship, it is an invisible searchlight fingering the night seas in search of enemy craft and surfaced subs. It is helping convoys in countless ways and reducing the hazards of shipping.

Since time immemorial, when wizards and alchemists were in vogue, man has sought to find a way to make gold, and also a lethal ray that would detect an enemy before human ears or eyes could hear or see him.

Man has found that ray!

MILITARY COMICS

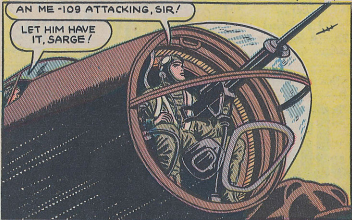
THE ATLANTIC PATROL

FROM AN AMERICAN AIR BASE IN ALGERIA "THE FLYING PARSON" GOES ON A BOMBING MISSION OVER SARDINIA...

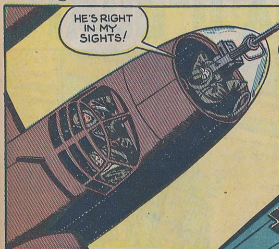
AN ME-109 ATTACKING, SIR!

LET HIM HAVE IT, SARGE!

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM CONE STELL, "THE FLYING PARSON", GAVE UP HIS PEACEFUL PASTORATE AND ENLISTED IN THE ARMY AS A PRIVATE. AFTER SWITCHING TO THE AIR CORPS HE BECAME ONE OF THEIR BEST B-26 MARAUDER PILOTS.



HE'S RIGHT IN MY SIGHTS!



GOOD WORK, SERGEANT FARR! YOU RAKED HIM FROM THE NOSE TO THE FUSELAGE... YOU MUST HAVE KILLED THE PILOT... THE PLANE'S OUT OF CONTROL!



THAT'S ONE LESS NAZI TO WORRY ABOUT!

BUT, LIEUTENANT, WHY DID YOU GIVE UP PREACHING FOR FIGHTING!

WELL, I WANT TO GET THIS WAR OVER WITH SO I CAN GO BACK TO WARREN, ARKANSAS...AND PREACH THE PEACEFUL SETTLEMENT OF DISPUTES!



MILITARY COMICS



This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from U.S.N. Information Bureaus

COAST GUARD CUTTER BATTLES SIX U-BOATS

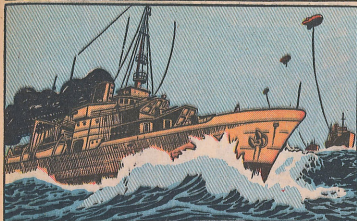
In one of the bitterest convoy battles of this war, the United States Coast Guard Cutter Campbell, under Commander James Hirshfield, blasted five German submarines and rammed a sixth in a twenty-four hour fight in the Atlantic.

The Campbell is the last word in cutters and practically a cousin to the destroyer. Time and time again since Pearl Harbor, this scrappy terrier of a ship has given many of Hitler's U-Boats a taste of her gunfire and ashcans. It is a Coast Guard distinction to be known as a "Campbell Man."



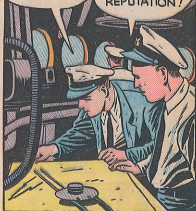
MILITARY COMICS

IN MID-ATLANTIC A CONVOY LUMBERS STEADILY ALONG WITH THE CUTTER CAMPBELL ESCORTING...



A MESSAGE, SIR! "SUBMARINE REPORTED TWENTY-FOUR MILES SOUTH." WE ARE ORDERED TO INVESTIGATE!

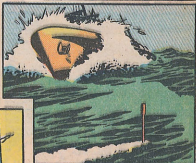
SWELL! THE DOLDRUMS ARE OVER. MAYBE IT'S A CHANCE FOR THE CAMPBELL TO LIVE UP TO HER REPUTATION!



THERE IT IS ON THE SURFACE!



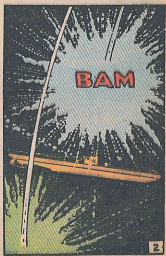
BEFORE THE GUNNERS CAN OPEN FIRE THE U-BOAT SUBMERGES.



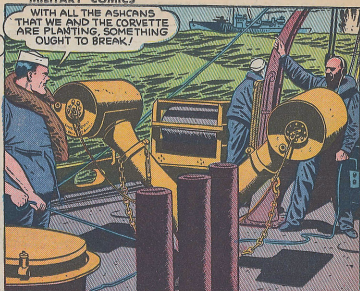
FIRE THE ASHCANS!



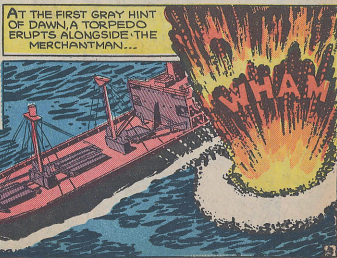
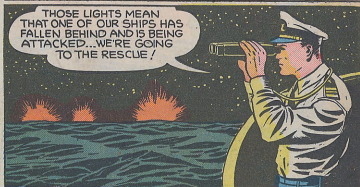
BAM



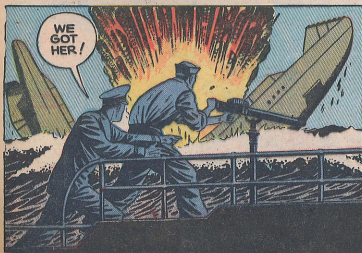
MILITARY COMICS



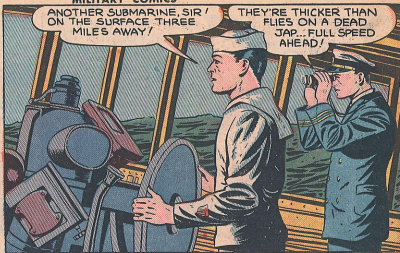
AT IIRM, THAT NIGHT, EXPLOSIONS APPEAR ON THE HORIZON...



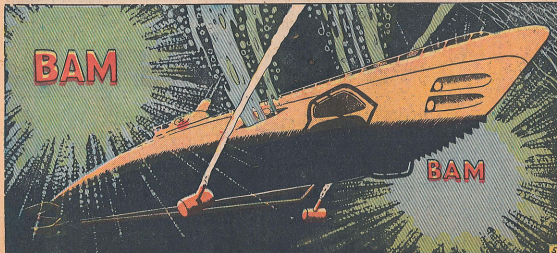
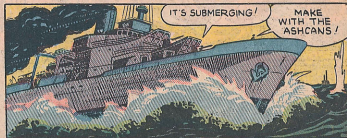
MILITARY COMICS

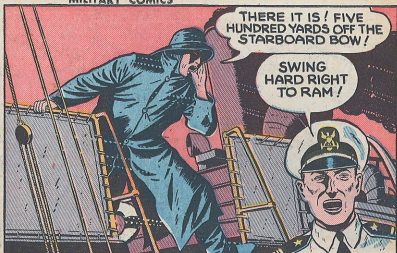


MILITARY COMICS



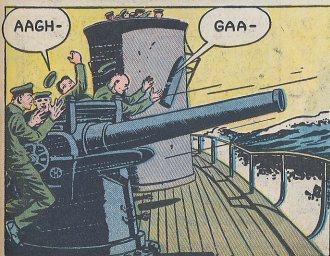
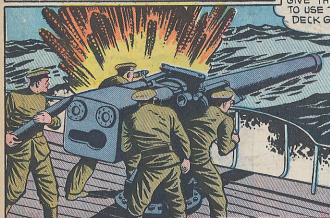
THE U-BOAT TRIES TO OUTFRIN
THE CAMPBELL





THE CAMPBELL RACES AT THE SUBMARINE WITH GUNS BLAZING AT POINT BLANK RANGE...

SWEEP THE DECK WITH MACHINE GUN FIRE! DON'T GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO USE THEIR DECK GUNS!



MILITARY COMICS

THE CRIPPLED SUBMARINE SINKS
BENEATH THE MOUNTAINOUS WAVES.

NO CHANCE
TO RESCUE THOSE
POOR DEVILS IN
THIS SEA!

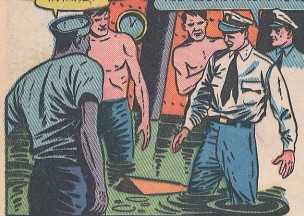


A TWELVE FOOT
SLIT HAS BEEN RIPPED
IN OUR SIDE BELOW THE
WATER LINE! WATER
IS FLOODING THE
ENGINE ROOM!



OUR PUMPS CAN'T
KEEP UP WITH THE
INTAKE!

THE ENGINES HAVE STOPPED AND THE
ELECTRICAL PLANT IS DEAD! WE'RE AS
HELPLESS AS A FLOATING LOG!



OH...OH! THERE'S A SHIP RACING
TOWARD US! WELL...IF IT'S AN
ENEMY WE'LL FIGHT OUR SHIP TO
THE WATER LINE!



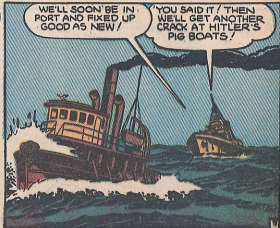
HURRAY! IT'S THE
POLISH DESTROYER BURZA
COMING TO RESCUE
US!

THEY'LL GUARD US UNTIL
AN OCEAN GOING TUG
COMES TO TOW US IN!



WE'LL SOON BE IN
PORT AND FIXED UP
GOOD AS NEW!

YOU SAID IT! THEN
WE'LL GET ANOTHER
CRACK AT HITLER'S
PIG BOATS!



FOR EXCITING TRUE STORIES OF THE WAR, READ THE THRILLING
SECRET WAR NEWS EVERY MONTH IN MILITARY COMICS



I Jumped from \$18 a Week to \$50 - a Free Book started me toward this GOOD PAY JOB IN RADIO

**Here's
How it
Happened**

by **S. J. E. SMITH** NAME AND ADDRESS
SENT UPON REQUEST



"I had an \$18 a week job in a shoe factory. I read about Radio opportunities and enrolled with the National Radio Institute."



"I was soon earning \$5 to \$10 a week in spare time fixing Radios. This paid for the National Radio Institute Course and led to work paying for my college education."



"Radio servicing permitted me to attend school and work evenings. Upon completing the N. R. I. Course I was made Service Manager at \$40 to \$50 a week, more than twice my shoe factory wage."



"Later the N. R. I. Graduate Service Department sent me to Station KWCH as a Radio Operator. Now I am Radio Engineer of Station W3XR and connected with Television Station W3XR."



"The N. R. I. Course took me out of a low-pay job and put me into Radio at good pay; enabled me to earn a college education. There's a promising future for trained Radio men."



**J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Established 28 Years**

Find out today how I Train You at Home to BE A RADIO TECHNICIAN

Here's your chance to get a good job in a busy war-time field with a bright peacetime future! There is a real shortage today of trained Radio Technicians and Operators. So mail the Coupon for my FREE 64-page, illustrated book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio."

It describes many fascinating types of Radio jobs; tells how you can train for them at home in spare time!

**More Radio Technicians and Operators
Now Make \$50 a Week Than Ever Before**

There's a big shortage today of capable Radio Technicians and Operators. Fixing Radios pays better now than for years. With new Radios out of production, fixing old sets, which were formerly traded in, adds greatly to the normal

number of servicing jobs. Broadcasting Stations, Aviation and Police Radio, and other Radio branches are scrambling for Operators and Technicians. Radio Manufacturers, now working on Government orders for Radio equipment, employ trained men. The Government, too, needs hundreds of competent civilian and enlisted Radio men and women.

**Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10
a Week EXTRA in Spare Time**

The day you enroll for my Course I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that show how to earn EXTRA money fixing Radios. Many make \$5, \$10 a week EXTRA in spare time while still learning. I send you SIX big kits of real Radio parts. You LEARN Radio fundamentals from

my lessons—PRACTICE what you learn by building typical circuits—PROVE what you learn by interesting tests.

**Be Ready To Cash In On Good-Pay Jobs
Coming in Television, Electronics**

Think of the NEW jobs that Television Frequency Modulation, Electronics, and other Radio developments will open after the war! So take the first step at once. Get my 64-page, illustrated book. No obligation—no salesman will call. Just mail Coupon in an envelope or paste it on a penny postal.—**J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4AA3, National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.**

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HOW TO MAKE GOOD MONEY**

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4AA3

National Radio Institute, Washington 5, D. C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, your 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



**You Build This and Other
Radio Circuits with
6 Big Kits I send**



Extra Pay in Army, Navy, Too

Men likely to go into military service, soldiers, sailors, marines, should mail the Coupon now! Learning Radio helps Service men get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duties, MUCH HIGHER PAY. Also, prepares for good Radio jobs.



The Beginners' Way to Good Pay in Radio

Military Comics #25

1941 Series - Quality Comics, January 1944, coverprice 0.10 , 60 pages.

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Genre: adventure; war

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Stories/features:

1. Wang the Tiger

Feature: Blackhawk

2. [The Trojan Fish]

Feature: Death Patrol

3. [The Return of Suratai]

Feature: Sniper

4. humor filler

Feature: Johnny Doughboy

5. Girl Wanted

Feature: Private Dogtag

6. [The Derelict's Curse]

Feature: P.T. Boat

7. Death Rides a Ray

Feature: text story

8. [The Flying Parson]

Feature: Atlantic Patrol

9. Coast Guard Cutter Battles Six U-Boats

Feature: Secret War News

Series info

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(Sequence 1 , 15 pages)

Feature Story: Blackhawk

Credits:
Bill Woolfolk? (Script), John Cassone (Pencils), Alex Kotzky (Inks),

Genre: adventure; war

Indexer notes:
title from cover; I: Wang the Tiger (Mandarin Wang)

[The Trojan Fish]
(Sequence 2 , 4 pages)
Feature Story: Death Patrol

Credits:
Al Stahl (Script), Al Stahl (Pencils), Al Stahl (Inks),

Genre: war;aviation; humor

[The Return of Suratai]
(Sequence 3 , 8 pages)
Feature Story: Sniper

Credits:
Ted Udall (Script), Vernon Henkel (Pencils), Vernon Henkel (Inks),

Genre: war; adventure

Indexer notes:
"V: Suratai, Hirohito; I: Oku-Sama (D; daughter of Suratai), Pvt. Hirota (D)"

humor filler
(Sequence 4 , 1 page)
Feature Story: Johnny Doughboy

Credits:
Bernard Dibble (Script), Bernard Dibble (Pencils), Bernard Dibble (Inks),

Genre: gag

Girl Wanted
(Sequence 5 , 9 pages)

Feature Story: Private Dogtag

Credits:
Bart Tumey (Script), Bart Tumey (Pencils), Bart Tumey (Inks),

Genre: humor

Indexer notes:
V: Adolf Hitler

[The Derelict's Curse]
(Sequence 6 , 9 pages)
Feature Story: P.T. Boat

Genre: war; navy

Death Rides a Ray
(Sequence 7 , 2 pages)
Feature Story: text story

Credits:
? (Script), typeset (Letters).

[The Flying Parson]
(Sequence 8 , 1 page)
Feature Story: Atlantic Patrol

Credits:
Fred Guardineer (Script), Fred Guardineer (Pencils), Fred Guardineer (Inks),

Genre: war; navy

Coast Guard Cutter Battles Six U-Boats
(Sequence 9 , 7 pages)
Feature Story: Secret War News

Credits:
Fred Guardineer (Script), Fred Guardineer (Pencils), Fred Guardineer (Inks),

Genre: war; true

Indexer notes:
true story

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